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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Vol. 55

No.

7

DECEMBER, 1922

Price 10

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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December, 1922

No. 7

THE Royal S. P. C. A. of Great Britain will celebrate its one-hundredth anniversary in 1924. It is purposed to make this the occasion of a great international gathering of representatives of animal societies.

THE *Animal World*, London, quotes the *Times* correspondent at Berne as saying that a dog has been taught at Thun to clear the aerodrome of that place of grazing cattle whenever an aeroplane is about to land.

IT is not generally known that there are many in France advocating a friendlier and more pacific attitude toward Germany as a speedier and surer solution of the questions that now divide them, than the threat of military invasion.

IT is for our cheer to know that in 1923, in this country, it is purposed to hold a conference of educators of all civilized nations, to discuss how they can "promote through education a better understanding among the nations, looking to lasting peace."

FROM the French humane journal, *La Protection des Animaux*, we learn that a ministerial circular letter has been issued to the directors and professors of Normal Schools in Belgium to give instruction to the students in the proper treatment and protection of animals.

THE chairman of the Durham County Bench of Magistrates, England, said recently, "I have a great objection to fining anybody for cruelty to an animal. There is only one way to deal with such cases, and that is by imprisonment." Where the case is one of deliberate cruelty, we believe the magistrate was right.

ENGLISH magistrates are constantly punishing for the offense of allowing cows to become overstocked, that is, allowing the cow to go too long unmilked in order to show a large, full udder at time of sale. This is a common offense in this country, but it is difficult to secure a conviction, as cattle men will testify it is not cruelty.

"THE GREAT CRUELTY"

TO all our readers who have contributed to our publicity campaign against the sufferings of our food animals in the slaughter-houses of the country, we are glad to report that the prospects for reform look brighter than at any other time in the history of humane work in America. The New York S. P. C. A., deeply interested in this reform, and actively co-operating with the committee of the American Humane Association, of which Dr. Rowley is chairman, has offered a prize of \$10,000 for a device, mechanically operated, economical, sure, safe and rapid and which will instantly render all cattle, sheep and swine to be slaughtered, wholly unconscious before being either jerked into the air or bled.

Such a device, men who should know, believe to be perfectly possible and practicable. Could we offer such an instrument to the great packing institutions of the country we should meet their one chief objection to humaner methods—namely, loss of time, which means money. Indeed a superintendent of one of the large abattoirs is of the opinion that such a device as we seek would increase rather than diminish the rapidity with which animals are now slaughtered. Furthermore, it is a sign of material progress that the Institute of American Meat Packers have asked for a conference with our committees.

IF I WERE A HORSE

I THINK I would rather spend my days in Norway or Sweden or Denmark than in any other country I have seen. Whether it is the result of the wisdom that knows it pays to treat a horse well, or whether it is the innate kindness of the Scandinavian people—we believe it is the latter—that accounts for it, certainly the horses of these lands are a fine lot. Well fed, well groomed, well driven, with scarcely an exception, this could be said of the hundreds seen. No blinders. No checkreins. Indeed, blinders are rare except in France and England. German teaming horses looked exceptionally well. The poor cabmen, only a few of them, relatively, left to compete with the taxi, looked as poor as their horses, and we doubt not often go as hungry. The checkrein, so far as our observation went, is a rarity on the Continent.

WHERE LOSS IS GAIN

AMONG the striking features of the humane convention at St. Paul was the stereopticon exhibition of the financial losses sustained by the meat packers and railroads through cruel treatment of livestock in transit. A representative of the Institute of American Meat Packers stated that 3,716,141 pounds of meat in 1919 had to be removed on account of bruises to cattle; that the total loss that year in pork from injuries to hogs was 15,256,000 pounds; that the corn required to raise this amount of lost pork was 1,605,900 bushels. Pictures were thrown upon the screen showing the bruises, cuts, etc., sustained by the animals as seen when dressed.

Then came photographs of the clubs, prod-poles with sharp metal points, and whips which drovers and others used in handling cattle, sheep and swine. This expensive campaign now being carried on by the railroads and packers is purely from the point of view of profit and loss. The published report makes no appeal to the men who handle these animals except on the ground of financial loss. "Stop abusing livestock!" it says, "Every blow means a bruise. Bruise means wasted meat." We rejoice for the animals' sake that at last the financial loss incurred by cruelty is resulting in the animals' gain.

IN 1914, we, the people of the United States, out of our very pockets, spent \$241,000,000 for our army and navy. This year, we, the same people, are having taken out of our pockets by our representatives, \$630,000,000 for military purposes. Meanwhile we are hearing constantly that we are desperately in need of an "adequate" army and an "adequate" navy, and that more money should be spent for an "adequate" air service, and for heaven knows what else, so that we may be ready for war. Who wants war? Not the people of any nation on earth. Who will start it if they keep on? The militarists and those whose business is fighting, and those to whom war means personal wealth.

IN France, in the country, one of the pastimes of the children is to hang wheat sheaves along the eaves as a Christmas treat for the birds.

Women's Auxiliary Fair, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, December 6 and 7, 1922

JACK LONDON CLUB POINTS THE WAY

STEADILY COMBATS SECRET CRUELITIES IN TRAINING OF PERFORMING ANIMALS

YOUR POINT OF VIEW

PROBABLY if we were in Dr. William T. Hornaday's place, director of the New York Zoological Park, and had had his training, we should feel as he does about zoological gardens and trained animal performances. This is what he is quoted as saying: "Wild animal performances are no more cruel or unjust than men and women performances of acrobats." It's not in the performances the cruelty is seen, it is in the training of unreasoning animals for these performances that the cruelties are inflicted. Why, if no cruelties are practised in the training, must the trainer in his public exhibition appear with prod and whip and pistol? Do men and women acrobats do their tricks with a trainer so equipped to put them through their paces?

Dr. Hornaday further says: "Practically all trained animals are well fed and tended; they welcome their performances and go through them with lively interest. Such performances, when good, have a high educational value, but not to closed minds." As to trained animals being practically "all well fed and tended," to say nothing of the convictions secured for the cruel treatment of trained animals, we wonder how this statement looks in the light of the testimony given before the British Parliamentary Committee on the Bill to prohibit these performances. As to "the closed minds," it rather seems to us that people who find their education advanced by witnessing these unfortunate creatures go through their forced performances for man's amusement have never really had their minds opened to man's finer attitude toward animal life.

Hard to Prove Educational Value of Confined Wild Animals

Under the head of "Topics of the Times," the *New York Times* says in reference to menageries, zoological gardens, and the traveling circus:

"The very best of these institutions, however, are coming to be more and more on the defensive, and they have steadily greater and greater difficulty in proving their educational value. Not much is to be learned about the habits of animals from those living in confinement, and as much or more knowledge of how they look can be acquired from good specimens of the taxidermist's now marvelous art."

What's the Explanation of This—Nine "Movie" Ponies Committed Suicide

Nine ponies leaped to their death over a 150-foot precipice in Trail canyon, near Los Angeles, recently, according to their owner, Miss Eva Fox, and a forest ranger.

Miss Fox and the ranger, each mounted and leading a saddle-horse, were followed by the nine horses as they made their way to Miss Fox's ranch where the animals were to rest after a season before motion picture cameras as mounts for "movie" cowboys.

Suddenly the leader of the nine wheeled and leaped over the precipice. And all the other eight, which had been closely following their leader all day leaped after him. All were killed almost instantly, it was said.

Miss Fox and the ranger could give no explanation.



DOWNRIGHT CRUELTY

AN outrageous spectacle which has been presented at several fairs and carnivals of late in certain places in the West has been advertised for some time as the "World's Most Famous Diving Horse." This exhibition or performance should be unhesitatingly classed as cruelty. It has been protested many times and authorities have barred it from their programs. This horse, known as "Billy," owned by one Dr. Carver, has been so trained that he will ascend to a specially-built platform thirty feet high, with a trap door from which he plunges (diving is not the proper word) into a tank of water. There have been times when he struck the water so hard as to cause him to eject his food from his mouth. We advise and urge everyone, whether a Jack London Club member or not, who favors fair and decent treatment of animals, to watch for this shameful and piteous show and enter his protest against its performance whenever it is headed his way. We stamp it as a notoriously inhumane exhibition.

FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW MEMBERS of the Jack London Club a copy of "Michael Brother of Jerry" is offered. All that is required for membership in the Club is the agreement to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

HONEST trainers of animals say that animals have to be treated cruelly to make them proficient and profitable performers.

ANIMALS are trained to do unnatural acts not by kindness but by absolute cruelty and torture. Such tricks as are prompted by the allurements of sugar or titbits alone, never fitted an animal for performing them before the public for a price which goes into the exhibitor's pocket.

IN addition to the cruelty involved in the training of animals for public exhibition, there is the wretched life they lead, confined in narrow quarters and shipped from one end of the country to the other; deprived of freedom and action that nature intended they should have.

Humane Society Takes Action

Resolutions protesting the exhibition of trained animal acts within the State of Washington in general and the State fair in particular, protesting carnival companies at the fair because of gambling and certain exhibitions in connection with them which have a tendency to corrupt the morals of the young, and urging the state legislature to pass laws to prevent trained animal acts and exhibitions in the state, were passed at a recent meeting of the Humane Society at Tacoma, Wash.

Performing Dog Falls Forty Feet

Thousands of people who saw Peter, the 11-months-old fox terrier, owned by P. J. Day of Everett, Wash., tumble from the tight wire which he was walking Thursday afternoon as he was performing 40 feet in the air, believed that his career as an actor had been terminated. However, Peter came back yesterday afternoon and went through his stunt.

—News Item

Fire Frees Captive Beasts—A Case of Criminal Negligence

Sixty animals of the Zoological Arena at Independence, Mo., mostly jungle beasts, were burned to death when the building in which they were confined was wrecked by an incendiary fire. The proprietor estimated his loss at \$30,000 and states that he will replenish his animal stock and continue the business of leasing wild animals to circuses, fairs and carnivals. "Lulled by the feeling of security growing out of his past good fortune," says a local report, "the proprietor dispensed with the services of a watchman" and so the caged victims were without protection from fire by night.

IT is hoped all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets at any theater, or place of public amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

When leaving any place because of an animal performance always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning home.

A THOROUGHBRED

MRS. T. W. BROWN

THOUGH Ali Baba was his name,
We dubbed him Babe for short and sweet,
And when he heard our call he came
As if the wind were in his feet.

His coat of bay like satin shone,
His eyes seemed lit by hidden fires,
His swinging stride showed all his own
The fleetness of his Arab sires.

He knew his master, loved him well,
And heard his voice but to obey,
Was here a mind? Ah, who can tell?
Was here a soul? Ah, who shall say?

He could be trusted anywhere,
Whether with maid upon his back,
Or, led, a novice, to the fair,
He won the honors of the track.

Once as we sped across the town
The breeching broke against the strain,
He looked around, then slowing down,
Waited till it was whole again.

Farewell, old friend, so wise and true,
I miss you sadly all my years,
And I shall keep the thought of you
Close to the source of unshed tears.

BLOOD SPORTS

JAMES L. EDWARDS

AN inscrutable law has implanted cruelty deep in human nature. It is not a mere inheritance from remote hunting and fighting ancestors, but a soul element. It ranges from the wanton infliction of pain to lack of sensibility thereto. It is the psychological motive for all blood sports. It prompts them all, from pigeon shoots to bull-fights. They vary only in the degree of cruelty and excitement. To see thousands of humans gloating over the torture of a poor bull and the helpless horse is enough to suspend belief in the origin and destiny of mankind as traditionally accepted. It is more a carnival of fiends than an assembly of humans claiming kinship with God. Even deer, most beautiful and innocent of animals, are sacrificed to man's lust of killing. Seldom is the slaughter the result of hunger or even hope of profit. The sheer love of destroying is the real prompting to the act. Yet so pitiful are the victims that many hunters have read the Divine command, "Thou shalt not kill" in the look of reproach in dying eyes, and forever abandoned the crime.

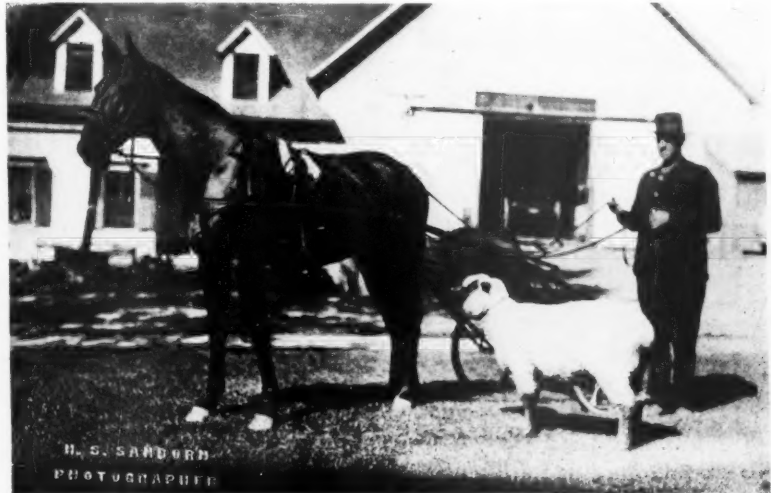
Only God could have created singing birds, yet man ruthlessly destroys them. Someone has said that man's progress across the world has been that of a "devastating scourge." There is ample justification for the phrase. The myriads of buffalo which once animated the Great Plains are gone forever. No more will the skies be darkened by hordes of wild pigeon. The "Little People" of the woods, as the Indians (more humane than the whites) called them, have been destroyed.

It is inconceivable that cruelty and any real culture can exist simultaneously in man. It is well that humane education is extending its reforming influences; well for the animals, and vitally necessary for human advancement. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," says the Proverbs. May the day come when all men shall be "righteous."

Sheep Seeks Protection of Race-Horse

FROM Whitefield, N. H., came a remarkable story about a sheep seeking refuge from the slaughter-pen in the stall of a horse owned by J. H. Hays, a prominent horseman of that town. We asked Mr. Hays to tell the readers

beautiful black stallion with a mark of 2:24½, sired by Old Cable, 2:05½, dam Miss Cappy 2:07, can step a quarter in 30½ seconds. The only thing that he will allow to beat him in this town is this sheep.



of *Our Dumb Animals* just what happened. He sent the following account, together with the photograph reproduced here. Of course it is understood that the race referred to is not pressed to the point where there is no pleasure in it for the sheep.

"The sheep was about to be slaughtered by a friend of mine from whom he escaped. He came to my barn and jumped into the stall with the race horse, 'Young Cable.' This

"The horse and sheep are together continually, in a box stall, 12 x 12, where they share bedding and board.

"The sheep and horse raced at all the nearby fairs this year. The racing consisted of three one-hundred-yard dashes in front of the Grand Stand, and you may be sure that the applause which this act brought from fifteen thousand people was something wonderful."

"DEXTER"

OLIVE ELLEN HOLBROOK

ONE day a cousin and his wife started to drive from their house to that of a friend, a distance of four miles. They owned three horses, but took "Dexter," who had saved their lives twice—once by stopping just in time to prevent crashing with an engine, and another time by running into the ditch to avoid an automobile going at a great speed.

After driving two miles, a storm came up. The lightning was terrific. My cousin's wife was very timid. My cousin saw an empty barn and drove into it. He had no more than done so before Dexter began to paw the ground and then to back. No coaxing or petting could make him stand still. At last he did a thing he had never done before—he kicked. My cousin got into the carriage, undecided what to do. But Dexter knew. He left the barn speedily, and ran to the top of a high hill. Then he acted as he always did—good-natured and ready to do whatever his master wished him to do. Suddenly there came a flash of lightning and a terrific crash. My cousin looked around and saw that the empty barn had been struck by lightning and was burning furiously. From that day Dexter was given the nickname of "The Lifesaver."

WORLD CONFERENCE IN 1923

THE next annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held in New York City in the fall of 1923. It will be an international gathering, attended by humanitarians from all parts of the world.

Local humane work in New York City has attained a remarkable and successful development. The first American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized there in 1866. The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the first of its kind in the world, was organized in 1875. Since that time it has developed wonderfully and efficiently, and its example has been followed in many countries. This Society has recently received four million dollars and has erected a building, occupying a block on Fifth Avenue, facing Central Park.

THE first official communication of the new fire commissioner of Boston was a request to retain horses for use at such times as the motor apparatus cannot be depended upon. The recollection of snow-blocked streets a few seasons ago when motorized apparatus failed to function made the request for horses to be drafted in an emergency seem reasonable and necessary. Some of them are to be held in reserve.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., when making your will.

THE MYSTERIOUS WILD ANIMAL

A True Story

EDWIN R. REITZ

IT was in the early fall, when a mysterious animal first made its appearance on a lumber tract on Little Mountain, in eastern Pennsylvania.

Our farm was situated close by, and the lumbermen who worked on the tract frequently told us about the animal. Every morning when they went to work, it used to jump out of the bushes and run off as fast as it could go.

Although the animal never tried to attack anyone, the people were afraid of it, because no one could get near enough to ascertain what kind of animal it might be. It was black, and had long shaggy hair. The shape of its head, and its size, were similar to that of a wolf, and its eyes, in the dark, were large and fiery.

So insistent were the rumors that the wild animal was dangerous, that the lumbermen wouldn't go to work without their guns. On several occasions they fired at it, but as they were unable to get near, it always got away without being hit.

Late in the fall the lumbermen got done cutting timber on Little Mountain tract, and nothing more was seen of the animal, until one day some hunting dogs started it on a chase. It struck out for the open valley, and darted across it at almost lightning speed. The dogs followed until they came to a large creek, across which the animal had swum. This put the dogs off the track, and they went back.

The residents along Little Mountain were now glad, as they supposed the animal would not come back, because it had swum across the creek and taken to the mountain on the other side. However, the next day fresh tracks of it were seen at its accustomed place under a large pine tree, near the abandoned lumber tract. As winter approached it was seldom seen, except at night sometimes, when it ventured near the houses, in search of food.

Early one morning my brother went to the barn to get the team ready to go away. When he opened the barn door to get the wagon out, something large and black flew out past him, so close that it almost tripped him. He saw at a glance that it was the mysterious wild animal, and its sudden appearance so unexpectedly, frightened him that he nearly dropped over, but there was no need to be afraid, as the animal ran to the mountain as fast as it could go.

The day before there had been a severe snow-storm, which probably accounted for the animal coming to the barn to sleep. As soon as it was daylight we examined the tracks to see what kind of animal it might be. They

looked something like a bear's tracks, but as its appearance was quite unlike a bear, we could not decide what animal it was.

That evening we constructed a sliding trap-door at a hole in the barn-door, where the animal had entered the night before. It operated from the corner of the barn, by means of a string.

My brother came home late that night, and before going to bed he closed the trap-door. The next morning we went to the barn before daylight, to see if we had caught the animal. We opened the door just far enough to look in, and there, just a few feet from the door, we saw two large fiery eyes staring at us through the darkness.

tried to go away except that once, when we were shooting sparrows, he ran back to his old place under the pine tree, where he had his home while he stayed in the woods. My brother went after him and brought him back. After that he never went away again, although he was so afraid when he heard someone shoot, that he shook like one who has the hysterics. His fear of a gun was undoubtedly from the numberless times he had been shot at.

"Scot," as we called our new dog, proved to be a very useful animal, as he was the best trained herd-dog that we ever had. We kept him as long as he lived, but never found out to whom he had belonged, or for what reason he had turned "wild."

HIS DAY

MARGUERITE BURRILL

HE was a gutter-dog. Hopelessly and inevitably a gutter-dog. His great brown eyes looked out upon the world, and dreading it, still held a great hope in their luminous depths. Sometime, perhaps, there would come his day. Our gutter-dog slept at night in the filthy rubbish heaps of narrow alleyways. Cringing from the morning light and the host of enemies it brought, he sought scraps to eat in fly-infested garbage cans. Shooed, kicked, stoned, cursed at throughout the day, he again slunk into the alleyway at night, tucked his tired head between his bruised thin forepaws, and slept. Came there a day when hunger drove him out into the surge and roar of city streets. Seeking the gutter, he slunk along, head down, tail abjectly drooping. Somewhere up the street there came the shriek of an auto horn in raucous warning—a woman's scream—"My baby!" Out of the gutter a spectre of a dog has leaped, stiffened momentarily, become dynamic with action—has become chief character in the grim street-tragedy.

Following the event, the calmness of triumph over death—relief—the swift current of Life resumed—surging, flowing, onward—a purposeful stream. A woman knelt beside a bleeding dog stroking the broken body of the dying hero with compassionate hands, soft words of pity on her lips. The little rescued girl stood by, ashy-faced, tearful, gazing also at her rescuer. But there was little need of tears. Our

gutter dog was happy at last. His great brown eyes looked out upon the world, dreading it no longer, holding in their luminous depths the fulfillment of a great hope. His day had come, at last. What if there was no morrow, still there was for him today, this hour of blissful happiness. What more could a gutter-dog expect?

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



Courtesy of Town and Country

MRS. GLENN STEWART AND BALLY SHANNON

This recently imported champion Irish wolf-hound weighs well over 200 pounds and has been pronounced by foreign judges champion of the world

When it was daylight we went to the barn again, and looking in, found, to our great surprise, that the wild animal was nothing more than a large black English shepherd dog.

We didn't know if the dog was cross, so we caught him with a pole-lasso, but we soon saw that he was more frightened than we were, and let him loose. When he saw that he was among friends, he didn't know how to act for joy. We then took him to the house, and there he shook hands with everyone.

As we had no way of ascertaining to whom the dog belonged, we kept him and let him have his liberty around the place. He never

CHRISTMAS, 1922

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

THE Christmas bells ring out again
 Their "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"
 But many a lip will curl, and say,
 "Peace and goodwill have had their day,
 And gone afar, beyond our ken!"

Yet o'er the "strife of tongues," that shrills
 To voice the wrath of warring wills,
 The bells ring on! No earthborn sound,
 Or loud, or harsh, the whole world round,
 Their music or their message stills!

And listening, looking near and far,
 Where sorrows and where strivings are,
 Our doubting hearts and questing gaze
 Perceive at length, with glad amaze,
 Love's healing laid on many a scar.

Never, in all the centuries long
 Since first Earth heard the Christmas song,
 Have human hearts been awakened so
 To seek the meaning of Earth's woe,
 To work the righting of Earth's wrong.

And ever since—time out of mind—
 The patient beasts have served mankind
 Have our dumb brothers known such aid
 Of champions, countless, unafraid,
 Come forth to cleave the chains that bind.

Then lift your hearts in gladness when
 The Christmas bells ring out again,
 And consecrate them from this day
 To bringing in the perfect sway
 Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

AN OBNOXIOUS SIGN

JOSEPH R. SCHADEL

WHILE in Philadelphia recently I observed, as I walked down one of the prominent streets one morning, a large sporting-goods store. All the modern instruments for the destruction of animal and bird life were there on display, such as decoy ducks, whistles for luring birds and animals to their death, guns and rifles, cartridges and shot.

One group of small rifles, wicked little weapons, were placed in a prominent position and a placard hung upon them, especially drawing the attention of the public to the fact that they were "especially designed for rats, cats and sparrows." Can the reader imagine that? For cats and sparrows! Sparrows. In the name of suffering animal and bird life! What sort of a spirit is it that will boldly advertise guns for the purpose of ruthlessly killing harmless creatures (and not only harmless but beneficial to mankind) which have just as much right to live as the cold-hearted merchants who sell the implements of destruction?

How long can these stores dispense instruments of torture? Is it not an act of humanity and a step in advanced civilization to abolish the cruel methods and implements of hunting and trapping? What a relief it would be to know as we lie upon our pillows at night that the timid creatures of animalland and bird-dom are not being hunted, devastated, and trapped for the insatiable thirst of commercialism!

Napoleon said: "The more I study the world, the more am I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable."



Gilliams

CANADA'S CHIEF LAWBREAKER CAUGHT

In the effort to preserve her forests, Canada has adopted stringent laws against the destruction of certain trees, and while human lawbreakers have been checked, it has been difficult to circumvent the beaver, who is called the world's champion lumberjack. This extraordinary photograph, taken by flashlight at night, shows a beaver cutting down an aspen tree.

WILD LIFE PROTECTION

HON. J. B. HARKIN

Commissioner of Canadian National Parks

BECAUSE of world-wide destruction of wild life, many kinds of birds and mammals have disappeared forever. Only by a world-wide conservation of wild life can this destruction be stopped. Canada, the last stronghold for the big game of this continent, feels particularly her responsibility in this regard. She wishes to lend her influence wholeheartedly to all efforts, wherever instituted, that may assist in the conservation of the wild life of the continent.

It may be that we are only beginning the history of a new relationship with these forms of life, a relationship which will lead possibly to strange and rich developments as yet unthought of. Man's energies have hitherto been chiefly directed to the transformation of the physical universe. He has done little to aid the development of his wild kindred. When he once begins to feel his blood relationship, he may bring about a reconciliation and an atonement beyond our wildest dream.

NEBRASKA WILD LIFE REFUGES

LUCY C. UPDIKE

THE Nebraska legislature has passed a law, empowering the Secretary of Agriculture to set aside two tracts of forests, in that state, for wild life refuge, to be immune from hunters. One, which consists of 2,534 acres, is the Fontenelle Forest. It is along the bluffs of the Missouri River, a few miles south of Omaha. This is a natural timber land running to a point into the river. It has for many years been known as Child's Point and is a landmark of the old Indian beacon lights, which were used by the tribes as signals. From these high bluffs one can obtain a wide-spread view of the fertile valley of the Missouri.

For many years this land has been watched over and controlled by Dr. Harold Gifford, a prominent oculist of Omaha and a devoted naturalist. Many rare birds found here are native to this section of the continent. During the periods of migration hundreds of our beautiful feathered friends stop to rest in these woods before continuing their long journeys.

The State of Nebraska has done a splendid thing to protect the birds and small wild animals, and we hope other states will do the same, if they have not already done so.

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE NEVER MET

DAVID LEE WHARTON

I HAVE never met a beast

Who decked itself in the skin of its fellow-creature.

Who did not prefer pure fresh water to any other drink.

Who fawned upon me while planning to destroy me.

Who ate unnatural and highly seasoned food concoctions.

Who deliberately destroyed her unborn offspring.

Who assumed a "holier than thou" air with his fellows.

Who boasted of his pedigree, or bored me with stories of his prowess.

I have never met a "lower" animal who would not become my real friend in return for kindnesses shown him.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY

IN the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee," says a Nashville man, "a good coon dog is considered a valuable asset.

"Once I asked a native how many dogs he had.

" 'I ain't got but four,' Jim replied dejectedly. 'Looks like I never kin git a start on dogs agin.' "

—Harper's Magazine

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1922

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

THE DOG AND THE AUTOMOBILE

JUST in proportion as the number of automobiles increases, the chances for a comfortable old age for the dog diminishes. Thousands of dogs have been killed already by the automobile, and thousands more so badly maimed and bruised that it has been an act of mercy to end their sufferings. The Angell Memorial Animal Hospital has a number of cases almost daily under treatment for broken legs or other injuries.

That there is occasionally a heartless chauffeur who deliberately runs over a dog and thinks it a clever trick, there can be no doubt, because such instances have been reported by eye-witnesses. Many a driver, perhaps unintentionally injuring a dog, hurries on, leaving the dog to suffer, because he fears trouble from the owner. Any decent man or woman striking a dog with a car will stop to see the injury done and to relieve the suffering, if possible, or to find the owner.

It should be known by friends of the dog that the courts have decided that whoever injures a dog by striking him with his car, and does not stop to relieve the suffering if possible, is guilty of violating the law and is liable to punishment. Any one witnessing such a deed should report the time and place of the accident and the number of the car, if it has been caught, to the nearest society for the protection of animals, or to the police. Owners of dogs, however, should see to it that their dogs are not allowed to roam the streets where they are constantly exposed to these accidents.

A FAMOUS CHARACTER

WHO has not heard of Horace Walpole, called the "Prince Charming of correspondents?" C. Edgar Thomas in the *Animal World*, writing of Walpole's great fondness for animals, gives this amusing anecdote in Walpole's own words: "I met a rough officer at his house (a Mr. Hawkins), t'other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for, in the middle of conversation, he rose and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I who am not on the point of becoming one, always did so too." Walpole also said that one of the bravest men he ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, had never killed a fly willingly.

M. S. P. C. A. Fair, December 6 and 7.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT OLD HORSES BOUGHT

During the past eight months our Society has bought, and so rescued from dealers and others, 168 old and worn-out horses. The amount paid in each case was, of course a small one, five dollars or less. Often the condition was such that the owner could not be legally forced to give the horse up, but it was an act of justice to the poor horse to buy him and end his toil. A goodly number of these were sent to the Society's Rest Farm and given a few weeks of rest and comfort in the pastures. Those who contribute for this purpose through our Old Horse Fund will rejoice at this record. In addition to these 168 there were 565 others during this same period humanely put to sleep, for which nothing was paid. These were obtained sometimes as the result of prosecution, often the owner giving the horse up rather than go to court.

A GREAT SURPRISE

IT almost took our breath away, it was so unexpected, so unusual, so wholly novel—the address at the annual meeting of the American Humane Association, of the Hon. Larry C. Hodgson, ex-mayor of St. Paul. Of course, we leaned back in our chairs ready to be bored by a perfunctory, commonplace, semi-political speech. Not a bit of it. Straight from the shoulder and straight from the heart with words aflame with the passion of a soul in earnest, came a plea for a deeper faith in the things unseen, and of the spirit. The meaning to childhood of a God-fearing home; the conception of work as a holy task to which youth is born instead of the dream that life should mean the least of work and the most of amusement; the importance of duty as a factor in the development of character; the need of the world of the spirit of love and service—these were some of the thoughts driven home by the speaker. It was a lay sermon, and for that reason all the more effective.

The following little poem was written by Mr. Hodgson and dedicated to the American Humane Association:—

BROTHERS and sisters of all aching hearts,
They walk the dreary way where life is gloom,
Bringing to lonely men, the healing arts
Of kindness and the glory of love's bloom.

Where human paths are thorny, and men's feet
Bleed on a bitter journey,—there they make
Music and gladness, scattering roses sweet
For eyes that weep and doubting souls that break.

Into drab corners of the world's despair
They bring the beauty of the loving word,
Touching the hopeless lips with sudden prayer,
Calling the sun back, and the mounting bird.

Love's messengers, they bring the gift of Love
Unto the loveless till the world's dull pain
Thrilled by a star-lit wonder from Above
Turns to a joy and learns to sing again.

Where they have toiled a fragrance from the skies
Falls like an incense on the common sod;
They ply the task that never fails or dies,
For they are servants of the Cause of God!

RESOLUTION

RESOLVED: That the American Humane Association accept the report of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, chairman of the Committee on Slaughter-House Reform, confirmed in every respect by the careful examination of European abattoirs made by Dr. W. Reid Blair, of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, acting in cooperation with the Committee and with the Association, and recommend, that, if it be deemed wise by the Committee, a conference be held with representatives of the Jewish Faith, to see if there may not be brought about such modification of the Jewish method of slaughter as will, while not seriously violating their religious convictions, materially lessen the suffering of the animals killed by them.

IT IS ALSO FURTHER RECOMMENDED: That prior to the next official meeting notice be sent to the Institute of American Meat Packers of such meeting and stating that if they desire a conference, the Committee will be glad to meet with them. (This conference has been asked for.)

IT IS FURTHER RESOLVED: That meanwhile it is the desire of the Association that the Committee continue the agitation for Slaughter-House Reform with the utmost vigor and wisdom at their command.

THE FATHER OF THEM ALL

THE first law ever enacted in behalf of domestic animals is generally assigned to the year 1822, when Richard Martin, M.P., secured the passage of his "cattle bill" in Parliament. A much older anti-cruelty mandate, however, may be cited in American history which, though carrying no specific penalty for its infraction, not only prohibited cruelty to animals but also enjoined a humane regard for them whenever necessity compelled their removal from place to place. In the Body of Liberties, enacted in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1641, under the title of the "Liberties off the Bruite Creature," are two sections as follows:

"§ 92. No man shall exercise any Tyranny or Crueltie towards any brute Creature which are usuallie kept for man's use.

"§ 93. If any man shall have occasion to leade or drive Cattell from place to place that is far off, so that they be weary, or hungry, or fall sick, or lambe, It shall be lawfull to rest or refresh them, for a competent time, in any open place that is not Corne, meadow, or inclosed for some peculiar use."

VACCINATION AGAINST RABIES

DURING the lifetime of Pasteur it appears from his biography, the suggestion was made to vaccinate all the dogs of France. The difficulties proved insurmountable. The several vaccinations required, expense involved, the care necessary to be given the dogs so treated,—these things made it prohibitive. "Above all," said M. Nocard, whom Pasteur consulted, "where would enough rabbits be found for the preparation of the vaccine emulsions? Australia itself would not suffice. Think also of the homeless, wandering dogs! Their liberty renders almost illusory the treatment of such dogs as have a regular domicile."



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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HARRY L. ALLEN WALTER B. POPE
HARVEY R. FULLER DAVID A. BOLTON
THEODORE W. PEARSON AMBROSE F. NOWLIN
WILLIAM ENOS

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	620
Animals examined	5,619
Number of prosecutions	21
Number of convictions	19
Horses taken from work	104
Horses humanely put to sleep	109
Small animals humanely put to sleep	560
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	44,192
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	189

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2,000 from Abby G. Sherman of Waltham; \$800 from Mrs. Elizabeth Adams of Westboro; \$500 from Robert W. Clifford of West Boylston; and \$100 from Mrs. Minnie Jones of Springfield.

It has received gifts of \$100 each from Mrs. E. A. W. and G. M. S.; \$50 each from Miss M. A. C. and Mrs. A. L. Y.; \$25 each from Miss R. W., H. C. D., A. R. P., Mrs. E. E. W., and S. K. A.; and \$20 from J. F. L.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Alice Tobey Jones of Wareham, Miss Alice W. Bancroft of Brookline, and Miss Martha E. Bailey of Newton.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$150 from a Rhode Island friend. November 14, 1922.

HUMANE CALENDAR FOR 1923

ON page 111 of this number of *Our Dumb Animals* is a picture of a girl and dog, which, enlarged, will appear on the new Humane Calendar. The leaves of the pad contain humane sentiments and helpful suggestions for the care of animals. A copy should be in every schoolroom in the country. The price is 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents, twelve for \$1.80, postpaid. Write for rates for large quantities with special printing for local Societies. Address, American Humane Education Society, Boston.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief Veterinarian*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.,

Resident Assistant

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	619	Cases	602
Dogs	395	Dogs	420
Cats	189	Cats	171
Horses	29	Horses	7
Birds	4	Birds	3
Fox	1	Squirrel	1
Rabbit	1		
Operations	328		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15,	30,377		
Free Dispensary cases	37,379		
Total	67,756		

INTERESTING CASES

WE seldom publish the record of the Society's prosecutions for acts of cruelty. We realize that many of our subscribers do not care to read these reports. A part of our duty, however, which we cannot shirk, is the punishment of the violators of the anti-cruelty laws. Those who are not so sensitive to such public statements will be interested in the following recent prosecutions:

For overdriving a horse, the sentence was four months in jail.

For locking a hen's wings, a fine of \$10 was imposed.

For leading through the street a horse unfit for service, the horse not being taken to any place for treatment, but on its way to be sold, a man was convicted and fined \$25, and given two months in the House of Correction. He paid his fine, and the jail sentence was suspended.

For confining a number of hens in a small, dark, filthy closet, a man was fined by the Court \$75. He appealed, but was convicted also in the Superior Court.

Three men were convicted for the cruel transportation of fowl, that is, for having them overcrowded in crates too small to give them sufficient room.

For abandoning three kittens and leaving them to starve, a man was convicted and paid a fine of \$20.

For leaving in his house a cat that during his absence became a mother and was found starved to death, a man was convicted and fined \$50, which he was obliged to pay.

These are specimens of the work that is being done by our officers continually.

It is often said that prosecutions convert no cruel man from the error of his way. Perhaps this is true. But they certainly are deterrents. Until people are more interested in Humane Education than they are, societies for the prevention of cruelty must continue this work.

ANNUAL FAIR

At Hospital Building, December 6 and 7

Every reader of *Our Dumb Animals* is invited to participate in the third Annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., to be held in the Society's building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., Wednesday and Thursday, December 6 and 7, 1922.

All who can do so are urged to come and see for themselves the choice variety of tempting Christmas gifts the ladies will have on sale. There will be many attractions, including some unusual novelties. Luncheon and supper will be served on the cafeteria plan, and there will also be afternoon tea, from 3 to 5, each day.

Friends at a distance may help by sending contributions of saleable articles or of cash. Such gifts should be addressed to The Treasurer, Women's Auxiliary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

All the proceeds of the Fair will go to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

THIS EDITOR IS RIGHT

HOW important is the oft-repeated story of the boy and his lost dog? Editors may widely differ in their opinions of its value, but there will be those who, though news be so plentiful as to clog the presses, and the price of paper soar to top-lofty figures, will give the boy and dog a place on the front page. Not many of them, however, can justify their policy so eloquently as the editor of *The New York Herald* has done in his reply to an inquiring reader, as we think you will agree after reading the following:

"To *The New York Herald*: Have you gone crazy—to use a full column of the front page of *The Herald* to tell of a boy who lost his pup, when the papers are all crowded with important things?"

"A FRIENDLY READER"

"No, *The New York Herald* has not gone crazy. Papers become demented only when they lose track of the human race and never put the boys and the pups on the front page.

"Our correspondent forgets the variety of news appetites. There are ten thousand young men in New York who could tell him how many home runs Babe Ruth has made this year, but could not tell him whether Scutari is in Europe or in Asia. There are a hundred thousand mothers in New York who have not the slightest interest in Southampton or Lenox, but who like to read about the boy and the pup. For the boy might be their own boy.

"The world likes to read about boys, and especially about boys that own pups. The boy and the dog have been pals since the axis of the earth first began to creak under the weight of the human race. There were boys and pups before Babylon, but Babylon and its brass gates have gone and the boys and their pups remain. There will be lost boys with lost pups, and kind policemen to find and feed them, long after wars and strikes have disappeared.

"And so often as something happens to a boy and a pup that makes the world recall its youth, *The New York Herald* will find room on the front page for it, even if it has to relegate the doings of some stodgy statesman to the inside."



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C., Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, Cuba
Toufik Chamie, Damascus Syria
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling, England
Edward Fox Sainsbury, France
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Mrs. Lillian Kohler, Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitoké, Japan
Mrs. Marie C. S. Houghton, Madeira
Mrs. Myrta Keeler Campbell, Mexico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning, Turkey
D. D. Fitch, Venezuela

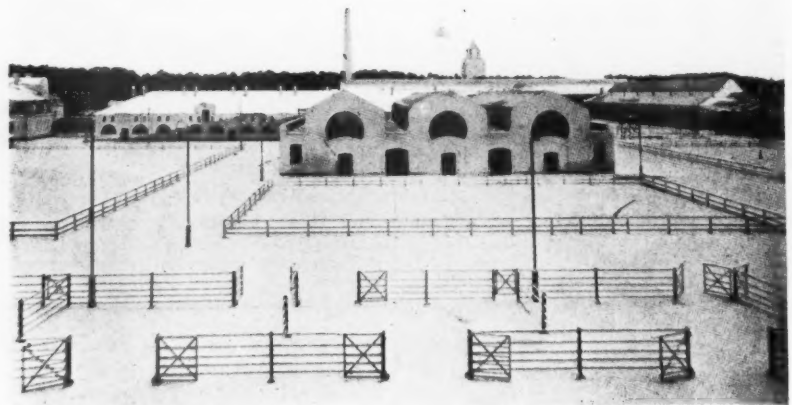
Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

DO YOU BELIEVE IN HUMANE EDUCATION

AN English edition of Dr. Rowley's "The Teacher's Helper" has been issued by the G. Bell and Sons Publishing House, London. The *London Times* says of it, "It should be in many hands. . . . It not only lays down broad principles of teaching, but also supplies a number of useful illustrations from the lives of great men and gives an admirable bibliography of books for the use of teachers, of books for use in class, etc."

The effort is being made to put this little book into the hands of hundreds of English teachers. It is already in the hands of hundreds of teachers in this country and should be in the hands of thousands of others. If you believe in humane education and will contribute for this purpose we shall be glad to see that the book is given to many other teachers who would greatly prize its help in their work.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STOCKHOLM ABATTOIR

MRS. FREYER'S WORK IN PERU

AT the meeting of the Pennsylvania Federation of Humane Societies, at Harrisburg, late in October, Mrs. O. F. Frederick of Reading gave a talk on "Cart Mules of Lima, Peru," telling of her personal experiences in that country and presenting the plans of Mrs. Freyer to erect drinking troughs for animals in Lima and vicinity. Mrs. Freyer is the wife of an American Naval officer, temporarily located in Lima where she is doing remarkable work for the animals of that city. From the relatively small number of persons at the meeting, \$74 was contributed to Mrs. Freyer for her drinking fountain fund. This is enough to erect one drinking trough on the hot, dusty road of twelve miles from Lima to its port, Callao, over which many poor pack mules are driven by cruel drivers each day. There are plenty of saloons where the drivers may quench their thirst, but not a single watering place of any sort for animals. Mrs. Freyer hopes to erect a fountain at each end of this road, and two or three along the way. Those interested may address her as follows: Mrs. Frank Barrows Freyer, General La Fuente 590 altos, Lima, Peru, South America.

"BLACK BEAUTY" IN SPANISH

A NEW edition of "Azabache," "Black Beauty" in Spanish, has just been published by the American Humane Education Society, Boston, and is offered at cost, 40 cents per volume, postpaid to any address, domestic or foreign. We have had a demand for this book for a long time, but the cost of manufacture has been so high that it was only recently that we felt able to incur the expense involved in putting out a rather large edition. Some years ago we distributed an edition at a much lower cost, when printing and paper were both much cheaper than at present. To those interested, we would call attention also to the numerous leaflets on humane subjects which we publish in Spanish and Portuguese. Samples of these will be mailed free upon application.

EARNING HIS LIVING

A CARRIER pigeon was released at Cleveland, September 12, by his owner, Mr. H. T. Baldwin, of Brockton, Mass., bearing Mr. Baldwin's first fall order for shoes. The bird reached his loft September 14, the order was taken from his leg, filled by the firm, and the shoes shipped to Cleveland.

THE ABATTOIR AT STOCKHOLM

AMONG the finest abattoirs visited last summer by us is this at Stockholm, Sweden. It is situated just outside the city in what might well be called a large, beautiful park. Trees practically surround it on every side. Its cleanliness, its freedom from the environment of the ordinary American slaughterhouse is so marked that the visitor finds it difficult to believe, as he approaches it, that he is about to enter an abattoir. He is inclined rather to think he has made a mistake in following directions and has come upon a sanitarium or some sort of charitable institution.

TWO MOTHERS

ARTHUR BRISBANE says in a *Boston American* editorial, that the Paris Pasteur Institute is "establishing a monkey reservation in the heart of Africa to raise chimpanzees for scientific experiment." He continues:

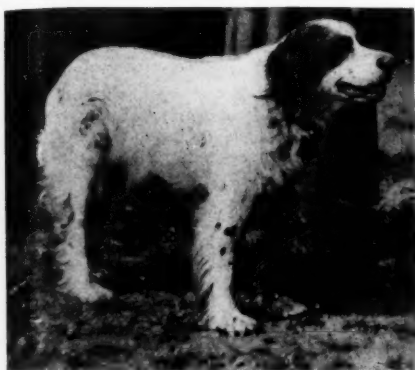
"Certain human diseases can be planted in no animal body except our own or that of our little chimpanzee brother. When the natives catch young chimpanzees they kill its father and mother and those 'primate' are dying out. The Paris Pasteur Institute will breed them on a big scale to enrich science."

"The chimpanzee mother hates to think that her child will go to Dr. Voronoff, to have his little glands sold to a Chicago millionaire. That chimpanzee mother can sympathize with American mothers that have sent their children to the mills before daylight. The little chimpanzee's sufferings are soon over. That's the difference."

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

IN the death of Miss Caroline Kendall, of New York City, the world of thoughtful, gracious charity lost one of its rarest souls. Out from her quiet, retiring life there flowed for years streams of healing ministry to bless and cheer the weary and the heavy laden. She has passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace," and to the exceeding great reward of those who have learned how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. To the American Humane Education Society she was a friend of many years. Suffering, whencesoever came its appeal, never called to her in vain.

Christmas = Giving, not Getting.



A THOROUGHBRED

THIS is a photograph of a thoroughbred Llewellyn setter, a devoted companion of her mistress whose home was saved from destruction by fire by the setter's intelligence. Coming into the house, running to her mistress and then to the door, she made known the fact that the woods adjoining the premises were on fire. Only a hurried call to the fire department of the town prevented the rapid spread of the fire to the house.

AN UNUSUAL PATIENT AT ANGELL HOSPITAL

ELEANOR BALDWIN in *Claremont, N. H.*, *Eagle*

IF I had not gone to mail a letter, I should never have met him as he ascended the steps to our building, the earnest little fresh-skinned lad, holding close the smaller hand of the three-year-old brother in one of his own, and in the other clutching a brown paper bag.

"How do you do?" I asked cordially. "What is it you want?"

"Darning-needle," was the brief, somewhat fluttering response.

A light leaped into my eyes, he was such a brave fellow with his jockey cap, sliced with triangles of rose and black that pointed to a common center under a bright button, and his great eyes were so clear and deep. "Oh," I explained gently, "you should go to the store at the corner for darning-needles. This is a hospital—an animal hospital."

"Darning-needle," he said again, this time a little troubled. "The kind that flies."

My understanding dawned. "Oh, I see," I said. And, turning quickly to hide the smile in my eyes, I led him in.

Within the paper bag, sure enough, was revealed a glorious darning-needle, black and silver coated, with wounded lacy wings, dusted a little now in the granulated sugar that the bag had originally contained.

And so there was left at the hospital, where all bruised and broken creatures are put tenderly to sleep, one dragon-fly, although if you were to peruse the records you would not find the entry.

And two small brothers, the baby face a replica of the other, turned homeward, flushed with the joy of high purposes accomplished.

FEED THE BIRDS IN WINTER

WHEN the snow comes the birds may starve. A small supply of grain, or even sweepings of haymows, would relieve their distress. Save your crumbs for them. They like bones, pieces of suet, fat, cracked rice, mixed birdseed, cracked corn, hempseed, nuts, bread, and sunflower seeds.

THE LIGHT DIVINE

LOUELLA C. POOLE

How gracious and how fair a sight,
When on that first glad Christmas night,
The lovely little Jesus lay
Upon His bed of fragrant hay,
Within a stable stall.
The light divine about His head,
And all around His manger bed
The soft-eyed cattle, and anear
His mother Mary, quick to hear
And mind His slightest call!

O might we be as quick to hear
And to respond to that Voice clear
As Mary was that stilly night
When shone the star of peace so bright,
To point the shepherds' way!
The light that shone about His head—
The light divine—might we be led
By some such radiance to see
The path our feet unerringly
In faith should walk today!

DISARM THE NURSERY

ALICE PARK

TOY pistols, soldiers and guns teach children to tolerate and admire war, and to anticipate killing people in war.

Toy submarines, battleships, airships with bomb-dropping apparatus, and armored automobiles are made and sold.

War is not a pleasant game! War is hideous. There cannot be "civilized warfare." Vast majorities in all countries condemn war. Teaching children that war is a pleasant game is a great mental danger.

The place to begin is in the nursery. Disarm the nursery first. Children's minds are extraordinarily receptive. Impressions are lasting.

Banish all war toys, war clothes, war pictures and war story-books.

No store would put into stock a toy guillotine, or a headsman's ax and block, with puppets to be beheaded. Parents would revolt at the idea of their children playing games with such toys of violence and death. If they would think, they would revolt at the idea of all kinds of war toys and war clothes. Sham battles are both silly and wicked. Uniforms are made to be soaked in gore.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

DAMON'S BROKEN HEART

Editorial in *Miami (Fla.) Metropolis*

OVER the Associated Press wires the other day came that touching story of "Jack Gallup," fire horse in Washington, who, after years of service leading steamers to fires, and being relegated to a garbage wagon because motor power succeeded the horse-drawn apparatus of the fire department, bolted from the garbage wagon, dragging his mate with him, dashed to the nearest engine house, plunged head foremost into the brick wall, crumpled down in a heap and died.

And the firemen declare that Jack Gallup, humiliated by the transfer from his former post of duty to that of hauling garbage, deliberately committed suicide rather than face the new condition.

This calls to memory an incident of back in about the year 1913 in Miami when Henry Chase was chief of the fire department and motor-driven apparatus was installed to take the place of horses. Among the equine beauties at the fire station was "Damon," a coal black horse, who had been in the service eight years and possessed almost human intelligence. Damon was sent to the city barns and placed in a yard around which was a wooden fence. The first alarm of fire which sounded created a scene in the animal stockade, and out of the excitement Damon was seen crashing through the wooden fence and then speeding on lightning hoofs toward the fire station. Arriving there, the proud beauty went direct to the place where it had been his custom to be hitched to the engine, and whinnied because the engine was not there and the harness was not at hand to be adjusted. This act of fidelity brought tears to the eyes of firemen who had remained on duty at the station, and reluctantly they led Damon back to the stockade.

Damon seemed to realize the transformation in fire department affairs, but his heart was broken. He refused food and water, and in two weeks he died in his stable, although not ill even a day.

And reading the stories of these two fire horses one understands the meaning of the expression—"horse sense." May it not be the sense of unwillingness to do less than the possible best, preferring extermination to humiliation?

Let us provide food and drink for the birds in cold weather. Feed boxes should be so set up that their backs will be turned to the prevailing winds.



SURF-SCOTERS, FORMERLY ABUNDANT IN NEW ENGLAND COASTAL WATERS

THE WOOD-THRUSH

JOHN BERNARD O'SULLIVAN

I

THE wood-thrush stands in the bushes high,
And sings an anthem as shadows die;
The sun creeps down in the castled west—
It's eve, and it's time for all to rest;
From afar a mystic note is heard,
But hush—oh hark to the wood-thrush bird,
His cheerful song like a rosary said
In thankfulness for his leaf-roofed bed.

II

All silent now till the new-born day,
Comes laced o'er the velvet night in gray,
And the liquid, flute-like notes roll far
In the wildwood halls where wild things are;
Comes a blaze of glory mounting high—
But another day has come to die;
Soon the wood-thrush weaves his farewell song,
And new-born day goes marching along.

WHEN A BIRDIE NEEDS A FRIEND

M. C. STARKEY

SEVERAL seasons ago, an exhausted bird dropped on the window-sill of a dentist's office, several stories up, in a large building in San Diego, California.

The dentist, a woman, happened to be standing near the window, and opening it, she picked up the bird and examined it for signs of injury. She found that it had had one of its legs so badly injured that the foot hung by a piece of the tendon. The dentist cut the tendon, releasing the foot, and the little bird, after partaking of food and water, flew away.

About a month later this bird with one leg brought another bird with drooping wings to the kind woman's window-sill. She discovered that the new patient had a deformed bill, which prevented it freely picking up its food. A successful operation was performed upon the bill and the bird ate a hearty meal and departed, singing joyfully. Since that day the one-legged bird has brought several other afflicted birds to the window-sill of its friend in need. The woman dentist never enters her office now that she does not look out of her windows to see if a new bird patient has arrived. Even in sunny California the birds that love the company of mankind are not always as well provided with food and water by nature as they would like, and, besides treating ailing birds, this kind woman has long made it her daily practice to place food and water on one of the broad window-sills. Each day she has dozens of grateful visitors who call regularly to partake of this free lunch and refreshing drink. Some of them have come to know her so well that they fly in through the opened windows and sing a song of gratitude while perched upon the electric light fixtures or curtain rods.

MAN schemes half mind and acts half heart;
For ages he has thieved and slain;
The birds—how glorious their part,
How innocent of pain!

Theirs is no furrowed, blighted course,
No flame-sown sky, no blood-stained firth:
Masters of air without remorse,
Masters are they of earth!

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER,
in "Beggars and Kings"

PROTECTING THE BATS

THE city of San Antonio, Texas, believes in bats to the extent of building a roost for them within the city limits, says *Boyland*, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying illustration. The municipal bat roost



bears this inscription: "This is a Bat Roost—a home for bats, and belongs to the city of San Antonio. Bats are man's best friend because they eat mosquitos and mosquitos cause chills, fevers and other diseases. By protecting the bats, you protect your fellow-men. All persons are warned not to disturb this roost or the bats under the penalty of the law."

On the panel opposite this inscription is a copy of the city ordinance.

AN ORDINANCE TO PROHIBIT THE DESTRUCTION OF BATS WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE CITY OF SAN ANTONIO

"Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of San Antonio. Section I. That it shall hereafter be unlawful for any person to wilfully, wantonly, or maliciously kill any bat within the limits of the City of San Antonio. Section II. Any person violating the provisions of this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not less than five dollars nor more than two hundred dollars for each bat so killed. Section III. That this ordinance take effect and be in force from and after its passage."

Passed and approved June 8, 1914.

CLINTON G. BROWN, Mayor
FRED FRIES, City Clerk

Says President Harding: "The one sure way to recover from the sorrow and ruin and staggering obligations of a world war is to end the strife in preparation for more of it, and turn human energies to the constructiveness of peace."

BIRDS THAT BUILD BUNGALOWS

EVANGELINE WEIR

SOUTH AFRICA has a bird that goes to housekeeping in a bungalow with three rooms, lives in it by day, sleeps in it at night, repairs it when it leaks or breaks, and uses it as a home for several years. It is made of grass, mud and sticks and takes a cartload of material to complete it. It is a big, dome-shaped house with a flat roof, and looks as if made with hands and tools, instead of the feet, breast and beak of a bird with a body the size of our common crow. The inside is unusually interesting, for it has a saucer-shaped floor made of twigs and cement, as well as walls which divide it into three parts. These rooms are connected by small doorways and are used for a nursery, pantry and a front room for the male bird to watch and fight any enemy that tries to get through the small opening leading into the bungalow. Here he is usually found with his hammer-like head stuck out of the front door.

The nursery of this queer bungalow is provided with a bed of soft grass. It is the largest of the three rooms and can only be reached by passing through both the front room and pantry where a supply of food is kept. Whether this food is served only to the nestlings or shared by the whole family is not known. The hammerhead, however, rarely leaves the house by day, and the provisions brought home by night must be used for any meal eaten during the day.

The outside of the hammerhead bungalow is often decorated with various things which please the strange owners. On or about them are pieces of glass, shells, bones and bits of china which they have carried home for the purpose. It is a good strong house and said to bear the weight of a man without damage to any part of it. It is built by the male bird and his mate without any assistance from their relations. It is not placed upon the ground, but upon ledges among the rocks where a number of such bungalows form a village which is so quiet by day that it seems deserted. There are no nestlings playing in the streets or flying among the trees, but at every door the owner of the house can be seen sitting quietly within, his head poked out of the door or ready to do so at any unusual sound.

When the shadows of evening fall upon the queer little town, the birds creep out of the bungalows, and with eyes upon the ground and shoulders humped, they march quietly along on their stilt-like legs to the stream where they find their food. They pass one by one through the darkness and thus gain the name by which they are often called, shadow-birds. At this time, if two or more birds meet, they join in a weird dance without making a sound. When the dance is over they go their separate ways into the night.

The nursery of the hammerheads contains three, four or often five babies. They are stupid little things and grow slowly. Both parents care for them with great tenderness. They never lack food, for the pantry is well supplied. They are not afraid, for the mother sleeps beside them while the father is on guard at the front door. When strong and old enough to care for themselves, they leave the old home for new ones of their own, but the father and mother remain in it until it is no longer fit to live in.

PECULIARITIES OF ANIMALS

GLADYS E. BROWER

THE study of animals to those who love them is always a fascinating pastime, and it is interesting to discover that animals have their peculiarities the same as people. The ancients made use of this knowledge in performing many of their so-called miracles, in fact they seemed to know more about animals than we moderns. We all know of the old adage about music having power to soothe the savage beast, and can ourselves notice the different effects it has on animals. Eusebe Salverte, an old French writer, tells us how he saw a hippopotamus swim two miles down a river attracted by a band of martial music played by soldiers marching along the bank, and of an elephant rising delightedly upon his hind legs at some pleasing strains of music.

The nervous organism of dogs is particularly susceptible to harsh sounds, loud and piercing music actually causing them acute suffering. Hence their distress and howls at horn blowing or even a fife played in the same room with them.

The same author tells of a mastiff showing great agitation from guns shot off by soldiers in the street, where he lay until finally he hid himself. After a while his master missed him and went to find him. He found the dog had entered his house, gone upstairs and crawled under a bed, where he lay dead, with the blood gushing from his mouth and ears.

A stableman, who had been around horses all his life, told me he could quiet and go in the stall with a horse everyone had refused to go near, by the use of valerian; as soon as the horse smelled it he stood still and trembling, and let the man do with him as he would.

The use of herbs played a fundamental part in some of the miracles the ancients performed with animals. Ancient history tells us how when Thebes had the lions loosed upon him in the arena, certain fair ladies scattered perfumed aromatics and oils made of spikenard and cassia around him as he stood surrounded by the hungry beasts, when to the wonder of the assembled crowd, the animals covered and cringed about him, allowing him to walk away unhurt. How incredible it seems that certain perfumes can turn ferocious animals into humble slaves.

I have noticed that dogs, unless it is forced upon them by steady use, hide and show great signs of distress at the smell of cologne.

They say the goats of Caucasus will follow anyone eagerly who entices them with the odor of cinnamon. We have all seen the effects of catnip on the house cat.

It has always been a marvel how, when the ancient Egyptians worshipped the ugly-looking crocodile, they made these reptiles harmless to them. Imagine a crocodile, adorned with gold earrings and bracelets, sitting on a velvet carpet, being fed with steaks, cakes and mulled wine. The real secret was that the animals were well fed, and there are countless cases among the ancients which will prove this theory. They maintained that a well-fed animal would lose all its ferocity and become amenable to kindness provided he were filled to repletion. As an animal's brutality seems to be one of nature's instincts to provide against starvation, this theory sounds reasonable. It only proves that nations older than we are, by treating animals more like human beings than machines, have been the ones to work with them charms that to us are looked upon as miracles.

DON'T KILL THE EARTHWORM

L. E. EUBANKS

TO rid soil of weeds a roller has been invented into which a boiler feeds steam, which is injected into the ground for several inches through spikes.

It occurs to me that such a weed treatment will do a lot of harm by killing worms. The part performed by worms in rendering the soil fertile is not generally understood. Darwin estimated that worms, by swallowing earth for the sake of the vegetable matter it contains, and afterwards expelling it, bring to the surface as much as ten tons of earth per annum on an acre.

By boring, perforating and loosening the soil, worms make it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants. The stalks of leaves, twigs, straws, etc., they draw into the soil is no inconsiderable help. The cylindrical mass of earth voided by earthworms (called worm-casts) constitute one of the very best manures for grain and grass. Let alone, the worms throw these up in countless numbers; travelers have found them on lofty mountain heights, notably in the Sikkim Mountains of Northern India.

The earth without worms would eventually become cold, hard and barren. This actually has occurred in sections where the worms have been either accidentally or intentionally destroyed, and the fertility of the soil thus lost has been restored only when the worms have again collected and resumed their fertilizing work.

THE CAT IN THE LIMELIGHT

A CONTRIBUTOR to the "Nomad's" column, in the *Boston Transcript*, points out that "it is quite amazing to note how frequently the cat appears in the news of the day, sometimes on the front page, and even in a type 'box'; for cats are always doing something interesting, either traveling as mascots across the Atlantic in a dirigible, causing the local fire department to hustle out and rescue them from the top of tall trees, or in some other way creating a news paragraph for themselves. Moreover, in practically every book I read there is certain to be something about cats or kittens. Our friends across the border like to assert that the twentieth century belongs to Canada. It is my humble opinion that it really belongs to the cat."

Which leads the "Nomad" to observe:—"If the twentieth century belongs to the cat, what about the centuries far beyond Christ's birth, when the cat was actually worshipped as a deity in Egypt? The simple fact is that there is something weird and unearthly about the cat which arrests the public attention and renders her a perpetual object of public interest. The cat is preternaturally wise. Merely to see her sitting in the front window in the morning, gazing out, with the eyes of profound meditation, upon the world, is to have the beginnings of a superstitious regard for her. A cat in the house is always doing things that suggest a sagacity and a power of divination which exceeds the power of the human mind. And she is, as suggested, always making herself the heroine of some little drama, some occurrence of poignant human interest, some heroic episode. She seems to have been born to 'intrigue' mankind. The Nomad agrees that Pussy is in the limelight just now, but it seems to him that she is always in the limelight."



SEA-CAPTAIN FEEDS STRAY CATS

FRED G. MILLIKEN

CAPTAIN Theophilus Crosby, aged seventy-seven years, who sailed the seven seas in various ships for many years before he returned to his native town of Eastport, Maine, and retired, is a great lover of cats and has always had them about him during his seafaring days.

They follow him now along the city streets each morning, numbers perching on fences, trees and street corners, waiting for his homecoming from his work of night watchman at the monster sardine factory, for these many cats know there is a fish breakfast for them on the approach of the veteran mariner.

As there are more than one hundred hogsheds of herring used every working day at the cannery, where over 400,000 cans of sardines are packed in a day, plenty of cooked and uncooked herring are left over and it has been the custom of Captain Crosby to carry home in his empty dinner pail plenty of sardines and bits of fish for the cats he loves.

And this is how the Captain became so popular with the cats of Eastport:

Leaving the factory for home at 6.30 A. M., he found many stray cats along the streets, and often tossed out pieces of fish for their breakfast, so it was not long before the glad news was passed along the neighborhood among other cats. Often three to six felines are waiting on corners for his coming homeward, and as he approaches he salutes them with "Come out, children, for your breakfast. Nice fish," and they know his voice.

Once in a while the veteran skipper forgot to load up his dinner-pail and when meeting the cats would say, "No breakfast this morning, children. No fish today." The cats plainly showed their disappointment, and, with heads down, slowly meandered away.

On Christmas Eve the cattle

bow in loving homage
Before the manger low,
Because the Blessed Christ-Child
Was laid there long ago.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

For prices of Band of Mercy supplies, write to the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and twenty-eight new Bands of Mercy were reported in October. Of these, 121 were in schools of Massachusetts; 107 in schools of Rhode Island; 42 in schools of Minnesota; 38 in schools of Maine; six in schools of Michigan; three in schools of Tennessee; two each in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Canada; and one each in New Jersey, Wisconsin, Washington, Porto Rico and Chile.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 139,342

GREAT BAND OF MERCY IN CHILE

A BAND of Mercy of 2,000 children in the schools of Santiago, Chile, has been organized under the auspices of the local Society for the Protection of Animals. Its president writes us: "All our program is based on what the principal societies of your great country are doing now." To look after poor boys and to prevent cruelty to animals by humane education are the avowed objects of this Band.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

REMEMBER that the dates for BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK have been set for April 9 to 14, 1923, and for HUMANE SUNDAY, April 15. Every Band of Mercy should plan some sort of celebration for this season. Begin early.

REVISING ZOOLOGY

DICK, aged five, thinks in terms of automobiles rather than those of natural history. Startled by a dog, running swiftly and barking gruffly, he described the event vividly, exclaiming:

"Daddy, he came tearing down the road with his cut-out open." —*Harper's Magazine*

A LITTLE BEAST

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

A LITTLE beast!" Yet love of such may prove
a saving power,
And Love from e'en a "little beast" soothes many
a darkened hour;
And even "little beasts" may teach some lesson
with the learning
Of trust, affection, constancy, of sympathy discerning.
A little light, though poor, is better far than
blindness,
And kindness shown to "little beasts" may grow
to broaden kindness,
For still the poet's words hold true,—you'll grant
this truth at least—
"He prayeth best, who loveth best both man, and
bird, and beast!"



DEMONSTRATION OF CHILDREN IN OPPOSITION TO THE PROPOSED LAW TO SUBJECT DOGS IN CALIFORNIA TO VIVISECTION

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

IT is the same eternal question. And how often will it be asked! Just as long and as often as Christmas comes. You will be asked and thousands more, and little children will be answered and reassured and made happy just as was the little girl who put her question to the great editor, Charles A. Dana. She sought high authority when someone had caused her faith in childhood's patron saint to fall, and this is what the famous editor wrote her. It is the best answer that we know:—

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished. Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are

not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus? Thank God! he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

MANY BANDS IN RURAL SCHOOLS

IN October, the first seventy-two Bands of Mercy to be organized under the direction of the County Board of Education of Duluth, Minnesota, were reported to this office. Definite use of the material in *Our Dumb Animals*, and in the pamphlet literature sent to all Bands of Mercy, will be made in the regular language and geography outlines prepared by the Board.

One of the rural teachers (in St. Louis County) sent this letter with her report: "These are the members of the Band of Mercy Club at our school. When I spoke to them about it and the meaning of the Band of Mercy, every child in the room became very much interested and there was not a child that did not join."

"Each child decided that he would report to the chairman if he sees or hears of anyone abusing any living creature. Some of the boys and girls are doing good work in this way."

DREAM not helm or harness,
The sign of valor true;
Peace has higher tests of manhood,
Than battle ever knew.

WHITTIER

Merrie Christmas 1922



THE BEASTS AT THE MANGER

The following lines are from the "Notes and Queries" department of the *Boston Transcript*. The sender says: "They are quoted from memory and I do not know the author."

THE Babe was born in Bethlehem and swaddled by His mother.

And laid within a manger, for bed there was no other—
And then, so very weary, she, beside her treasure, slept,
While Joseph, leaning on his staff, a nodding vigil kept.
Within that wretched stable an ox and solemn ass
Stood patiently, spectators of all that came to pass—
They knew their great Creator in that form so weak and small,
For the ox his owner knoweth and the ass her master's stall.
So they stumbled to the manger and, for all the beasts that be,
They bowed their heads and worshipped, each on its hairy knee.
Then back they crept together, for they heard the hurrying
feet

Of shepherds, hastening down the path, the Holy Child to greet:

And none had knowledge of the things within that lowly shed
Save an Angel singing softly in the rafters overhead.
But ever since, on Christmas Eve, the beasts can speak by night,
And they talk with one another all about that Holy Night.

Many Merrie
Christmases,
Many Happy New
Years. Unbroken
friendships, great ac-
cumulations of cheerful
recollections and affec-
tions on Earth, and Heaven
for us all.

Charles Dickens

A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE BIRDS

WHY not give the birds a Christmas tree this year? You will enjoy it as much as they. Here are a few suggestions that may be followed:—

First, select the tree. An evergreen in your own garden will be the best. Then you should know what birds are spending Christmas in your neighborhood and what gifts will please them.

You know the chick-a-dee, the little gray bird who wears a white waistcoat and a black cap? He is the one who says "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee" all winter long. Chick-a-dee likes suet, and so it will be a fine thing to put a large piece on the tree for him. Doubtless other birds will share his gift.

A good-sized bone that has not been salted will attract the nuthatches and woodpeckers. Perhaps the downy woodpecker will come for his Christmas dinner. How glad you will be to see this sociable little bird!

Some of our winter bird neighbors are seed eaters: tree sparrows, snow buntings, and the like. You know what strong little bills they have. These bills were made to crack seeds. The sparrows and snow buntings will be pleased with a nice little basket of seeds, so this will be the best present that you can put on the tree for them.

"BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS"

DOROTHY SUMMERS, Seventh Grade Pupil, Wheeling, W. Va.

BOW-WOW," says Rover, "be kind to me.
I don't like to be whipped, can't you see?"

"Meow," says Tabby. "Please don't treat me bad,
For I have feeling same as any lass or lad."

"Men whip me, men beat me, they don't care how they treat me.
No wonder we fuss," said the horse. "Won't you boys and girls
try to be kind to us?"

"Chirp, chirp," says the bird, "boys shoot us for fun,
It's no fun for us, no—none under the sun."

Doesn't this make your heart feel sad?
It does mine, I know, my dear lass and lad.
I know you'll be kind to all animals now,
Including the cat, horse, bird, and bow-wow.



"PENCIL DAY" DURING BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK
IN TAMPA, FLORIDA

Get the Christmas Spirit Early This Year!

The earlier shopper gets exactly what she wants,
and surely will greatly appreciate the
material saving in time and patience

This great organization, with its two separate buildings, is NOW in splendid
readiness to supply your holiday needs.

More than ever before early shopping for gifts is advised.

Jordan Marsh Company
The Mercantile Heart of New England

COPIES OF "THE GREAT CRUELTY"

By DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY

which recounts the story of what he witnessed in one of the great slaughter-houses of the country, will be sent free to any who will distribute them. The needless sufferings of our food animals in the slaughter-houses of the United States outweigh all the other sufferings of these animals combined.

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Massachusetts

THE VALUE OF PEACE

HUDSON MAXIM thinks an armistice truce for five years would save about a billion dollars a year to this country alone. And for that we could build 25,000 miles of concrete roads, construct an intercoastal ship canal from Boston to Florida, dredge the Mississippi and Missouri for ocean liners to go up to Kansas City, develop a great electrical power system from Boston to Washington, build a line of canals from the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence, and by irrigation reclaim six million acres of land. "Give me the money that has been spent in war," said Charles Sumner, "and I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace."

For price list of humane literature and Band of Mercy supplies, crowded out of this issue, write to the American Humane Education Society, Boston.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Humane Societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

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